

JUMP TO GLORY JANE.
BY GEORGE MEREDITH.
EDITED AND ARRANGED
BY HARRY QUILTER.

WITH FORTY-
FOUR DE-
SIGNS IN-



VENTED,
DRAWN, AND
WRITTEN

BY LAWRENCE HOUSMAN.

SWAN SONNEN-
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TO THE RIGHT HON^{BLE} JOHN MORLEY,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR IRELAND,
in profound admiration of his intellect as a writer
and his honesty as a politician. Also in memory of
the days when George Meredith's work found in the
pages of the "Fortnightly Review" that welcome and
honour which were denied elsewhere. This book is
dedicated to

HARRY QUILTER.

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A NOTE ON THE WRITING OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

N EARLY twenty years ago I turned out from the office of a celebrated newspaper into the wildest roar of London a happy man. A secret ambition was that day realized: I carried under my arm books given me "for review." They were not perhaps the volumes I should have chosen out of all upon the editor's side-table—a new translation of Pindar's Odes, and a treatise on Dutch Farming, however interesting and meritorious, are not, from the journalist's point of view, either easy or gay—but still they were indubitably "books" and "for review." The subjects did not frighten me as they should have done, for my Pindar had been unopened since Cambridge days, and of Dutch Farming, or indeed of farming of any kind my ignorance was both "extensive and peculiar." But had the editor offered me the "Revised Version" itself, or a certain enormous quarto on the Early History of the Mongolian Dynasty, which encumbered the office for ten years before he could get anybody to tackle it, I should still have rejoiced, smiled, "retreated" (like Bret Harte's frail heroine), and emerged into the Strand with a new sense of dignity and importance.

To-day

To-day those feelings are recalled by contrast. Between then and now there stretch many long years of reviewing; the sight of the long slips of paper with the printer's queries no longer fill me with pride or pleasure, nor do I carry them about with me on my person, "like an incidental disease," and do my corrections in the sight of all men as was once, I fear, my habit. And in still more unpleasant contrast to the old feeling of authority and confidence with which I began my journalistic office there has come to me as there comes to many of us, who write much, doubt and hesitation. It is so difficult to do anything; so easy to object, to misunderstand. Above all, the difficulty of setting down in plain words our exact thought increases daily. Especially is this the case where the work with which we are attempting to deal is of true literary quality. This is, I think, partly the reason why so many critics in their later years are apt to drop criticism and replace it by pleasant and sympathetic gossip; or else fly to the other extreme of unsparing condemnation. The public, too, likes both "gossip" and "slanging" better than "appreciations." So the temptation thereto is great; the reward certain. To-day, when I want to say a few words about George Meredith's writing which shall neither be those of a partizan nor an antagonist, there is little doubt but that I shall succeed in displeasing both sides. Admirers will resent the absence of the eulogy which they consider is essentially due; and those who dislike Mr. Meredith's books will consider that this paper ranks them too high, and gives them

them an undeserved importance. I wish, therefore, to say once for all that this very short paper does not in any way profess to be a criticism of George Meredith's art; but only a few thoughts upon the question of this author's comparatively slight appeal to the general reader; in fact, of his unpopularity. In order to do this I have dwelt with what must, I fear, seem unpleasant iteration upon those qualities and peculiarities which make his novels less attractive than one would suppose possible, considering the high praise they receive and merit from the best critical judgments of our day.

For this apparent ungraciousness towards a great author, whose books have given me great and lasting pleasure, I wish to express my regret; probably, I may find excuse in his eyes more easily than in those of the somewhat indiscreet eulogists who have lately founded, on Browning Society principles, a George Meredith Cult.

First let me say that my acquaintance with our author's novels, poems, and satirical sketches is not of yesterday, but has been a long though hardly an intimate one. I have never been either a Meredith student or a Meredith worshipper (the races are distinct) though admiration has led me to wonder sometimes why I was neither, and being neither, have for that very reason read his books determinedly seldom. Some in truth have passed into the inner circle, known to all bookmen, the circle of volumes toward which our hand unconsciously gravitates in vacant hours, and of these "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Beauchamp's Career," and "Harry Richmond"

are

are the chief, "stories" primarily and chiefly, and, with the exception of the first, not the volumes dearest to the accomplished and earnest Meredithian. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who may certainly bear in full the honour of both accomplishment and earnestness in his study of this author, even alludes to "Richard Feverel" with a manifest diminution of enthusiasm, as the one novel by Mr. Meredith "which can in any sense be said to be popular," a fact which he evidently considers detracts from its otherwise supreme merits. There is to the present writer something a little comic in this species of judgment, and throughout the criticism, in many ways intelligent and thoughtful, of Mr. Le Gallienne's study, the tendency to a fervid and indiscriminating eulogy is unpleasingly evident, and is most marked where the subject of the "study" becomes least easily intelligible. Though I have but little space to quote, Mr. Le Gallienne's attitude is in this respect so typical of that of the more intense school of Meredith critics that it is worth while to give his own words.

"There is no reason why he should do his work in the vernacular. It is time the superstition of 'good plain Saxon' were exploded. To do much with little is well, but to *do* is the essential, and once done, neither number nor variety of tools, nor prodigality of materials, can depreciate perfection.

"That Mr. Meredith does not write the vernacular—at least in that of his work which is most really his—does not matter so much as would at first sight appear; for
supposing

supposing it imaginable as written in any other style, in their own 'plain Saxon,' would 'The Egoist' have any stronger appeal for 'the general' than it has at present?"

And so on with much more in the same strain till two or three pages further on Mr. Le Gallienne arrives at the notable conclusion familiar to all readers of Mr. Pater, and oh, so dear to the most modern school of criticism, that the work of a critic is limited to an explanation of what the work criticised means to him! To which I can well understand the "good plain Saxon" saying, "My dear sir, I don't care a brass farthing what the work is to you. I don't know you, and don't want you to stand in the light between Mr. George Meredith and myself, but what I do want, if you can give it me, is to tell me what George Meredith is to me—or should be—and why? What he is to literature and art—what is his relation to his predecessors and his contemporaries, and what place he is likely to hold in the future."

Many years ago, in a letter I have never forgotten and once quoted, John Morley said to me (in kindest rejection of a very young essay), "exposition is not wanted for well-known living writers, but vital criticism referring them to their predecessors and their school," and that distinction touches the root of the matter. And surely if exposition of the author himself is excluded, exposition of the critic's personal feelings of admiration and pleasure are *nihil ad rem*—in criticism.

So in the present instance I think we may very well decline to accept as final, or even as temporary, Mr. Le Gallienne's

Gallienne's 'condonation' of Mr. Meredith's phraseology, unless he can find us some better reason than that it is not personally displeasing to him. The right question to ask is, is the phraseology such as answers some sufficient purpose, literary or dramatic, which will make up for the eccentricity, the difficulty, or, as Mr. Barrie says, the "intellectual coxcombry of its manner?" And if this question be answered in the negative, we shall have to face this further and still more invidious one,—Is the extravagance and complication of the style wantonly assumed, or is it only to be reckoned as a natural defect out of the author's power to remedy? In other words, is it a blemish? and if so, is it a wilful one?

Of course the first of these queries opens up an old discussion, older than Carlyle, or Browning, or than even my old friend Pindar, who used to mix his metaphors with ultra un-Saxon involution, and it will always be answered differently by different temperaments. Some people absolutely like literary algebra; the mere finding the value of x is a delight to them. Others don't like any phrase-problems at all, and directly they see a tract of one will shut up the book. A third class—the class which the present writer prefers to call the truly critical one—takes the problem on its merits, and if x is worth the trouble, and can't be discovered in any simpler manner, will sit down to the equation with equanimity, if not satisfaction.

We have no right to blame a writer if he elects to work for the first or second class only; we may have a mild opinion as to his choice of an audience, but that reflects

reflects upon his idiosyncrasy, rather than on his literary meritoriousness. In either case we judge the work from its own limited point of view. But if he elects to work for our third class, that is, to be tried by our highest standard, then the question of form appears to me to be very certainly essential, and we shall be right in considering all complication and elaboration which does not result in a clear gain of beauty or meaning as a literary deficiency of the gravest kind. For if anything in the world of literature is certain, it is that form outlasts matter: that only by form can matter be made more, than momentarily alive.

Facts are the veriest ephemera of our perceptiveness. Millions are born and die within the year, but all perfect form is of a quasi eternity, for *form* is only another name for *art*. Two words, two colours, two sounds, two lines *perfectly* put together, live for ever, and with the same appeal as on the first day of their juxtaposition; directly the attention is directed towards them their perfection is revealed and convincing: it is only the second and lower classes of work over which the critics fight and the public doubt.

Let me therefore say a few words on the question of George Meredith's style considered merely as a vehicle for the expression of his thought, for I suppose all readers will grant the truth of the dogma, that the instrument which most completely fulfils the primary purpose for which it was constructed is, if obtainable, the best. Now we have the admission not only of Mr. Le Gallienne,

lienne, but of all Meredith admirers, amongst whom I beg to be included, that our author's style presents difficulties to the uninitiate: that in fact the uninitiate dislike, and, so to speak, puke at it. Now this can only be for one of two chief reasons: either because the style is in itself harsh and unpleasing, or because it is complicated, unintelligible, or affected. Both these were, we may remember, urged against the work of Browning. The first defect is not Mr. Meredith's. His words, frequently abrupt and jerky in intellectual sequence, are neither harsh in sound nor awkward in collocation. The author attains the management of his words securely and invariably. Nor do I think that for those who care to take literature seriously—almost as task-work—this author's writing can be called unintelligible. Language is rarely unintelligible when thought is clear, and Meredith's thoughts are precise, sharp-cut, essentially dogmatic in their nature. On the last point, however, the present writer can but feel that Mr. Meredith stands condemned. Thoughts which other men might and do have, and find only ordinary difficulty in setting down in plain language, receive from him frequently such complicated, almost terrifying epithets, and are so bewigged and furbellowed, that their very mother would scarcely know them.

If ever a novelist loved to twist a simple statement into a dialectical exercise, if ever a poet cherished an unexpected epithet, that novelist and that poet is the author of "The Egoist" and "Modern Love." If ever a writer in general more sedulously and intentionally endeavoured

voured to endow all his work with personal and elaborate peculiarities of diction and construction, I at least have never known his writing. From Meredith's very first published book this predisposition towards strangeness for strangeness' sake is evident, and very frequently the complication appears to have been sought at the expense of meaning rather than the elucidation. . . .

Here, for instance, within twenty lines of "Farina"¹ we have the following. The old rocks "put up their *horns* to blue heaven once more;" "The heart of the river *fondled* with the image of the moon in its depths;" "Rising on Farina's back and *stirruping* his legs on the youth, he cried aloud," etc. None of these phrases are unintelligible, but each is elaborate and on the borders of affectation. The right word for the phraseology is, I think, "pretentious," and perhaps this points the way to one prevailing characteristic (from the bad side) of Meredith's work. As a whole both the thoughts and their expression are the product of one who does not live in the ordinary give-and-take struggle of human life. Commercialism we are apt to forget—we, I mean, whose tastes lead us towards art and books—has in some respects a good effect upon the character, as upon the well-being of the nation. It defines dishonesty, as well as occasionally betrays it; it eliminates much phantasy, and quiets a too querulous egoism; it knits the bonds of fellowship and induces a certain tolerance, a certain com-

¹ Meredith's "First Book of Stories," published forty-one years ago.—H. Q.

munity of feeling: making perhaps man more of a machine; it keeps him in better working order.

A good many people with whom I have spoken on various occasions of Meredith's work have felt in him this eclecticism, this rejection, which politely avoids all sign of disgust, which gives an air of delicate fastidiousness, apt to be irritating when a philosophy of life is being constructed, or rather indicated as being based thereon. In this connection I am tempted to quote Meredith himself:—

“To talk nonsense, or poetry, or the dash between the two, in a tone of profound sincerity, and to enunciate solemn discordances with received opinion so seriously as to convey the impression of a spiritual insight, is the peculiar gift by which monomaniacs, having first persuaded themselves, contrive to influence their neighbours, and through them make a conquest of a good half of the world for good or for ill.”¹

If we may grant that the affectation of Meredith's phraseology is indubitable, the question naturally follows, of what importance this should be held in the estimation of a man who has done such a large quantity of memorable work, and this I think can only be answered by considering on what ground it is that we wish to consider our author, whether as novelist, essayist and philosopher, or as poet, for Meredith has claims in each of these capacities, and the question of style enters into each in different fashion. The majority of our author's writings have been stories. Many of them cannot be

¹ “Richard Feverel”

rightly called novels. So let us first speak of him as novelist.

A coign of vantage for the groundwork of criticism may perhaps be found in two facts about which both the readers and the non-readers of Mr. Meredith are agreed. All admit that the novels are intensely clever, and that they are, nevertheless, unpopular with people in general. All critics and cultivated people admire them we are told, but they are not intended for or appreciated by the majority, which in this case is frequently indicated to be equivalent to the literary *residuum*. Continued critical "cuffs and kicks" have, Mr. Le Gallienne and others tell us, to be bestowed upon this immovable, recalcitrant public, before it can be made to swallow a new Meredith. Why this reluctance to accept the work of a more than clever, an intensely brilliant and thoughtful writer?

Let us see whether we may not arrive at a solution by the help of John Stuart Mill and his "Method of Residues." What are the characteristics of a good novel (from the popular point of view) which Mr. Meredith's work does not possess? Originality of plot, bold and clear drawing of character, fertile invention, brilliant dialogue, pregnant and unhackneyed reflection, vivid description, wit and humour, subtle analysis, experience, knowledge, and observation, is there a single one of these good things in which our author is lacking? On the contrary, it were easy to take dozens of passages from his works to illustrate each excellence. Is the fault in his subjects? Scarcely; though here we approach more closely to a possible

reason, since his subjects are somewhat bizarre: a little complicated in motive. But a public which will shut its eyes and swallow "She" whole as a work of imagination, which gushes over Miss Marie Corelli's maunderings of a wandering soul, and sends into a dozen editions the extraordinary rhodomontade entitled "The Naulahka," is little likely to be deterred by any vagaries of theme. What then are we to say?

Here are the critics on the one side saying these are good novels, and here is the public on the other saying, good or bad, it won't have them. Which are right? Where lies the way of salvation for an earnest inquirer? Both are right and both wrong—in a measure. True, we can pick out of these books enough admirable matter to furnish forth a score of story-tellers; true, we can prove to demonstration the fine quality of the wit, the eloquence of the description, the profundity of the observation, the ingenuity of the satire, the keenness of the analysis—but what we cannot prove, and what the public with all its blundering and all its ignorance feels the want of, and feeling the want, passes by on the other side, is—the power of telling a story; and, I will even dare to add, Mr. Le Gallienne notwithstanding, that this is after all the novelist's first duty, and the chief criterion of his merit.

Now if we come to examine the stories of Mr Meredith, to discuss why they "do not march," to use the French phrase, I think we shall find that the reason lies primarily in the peculiar structure and involution of the phraseology employed. Keen and original thoughts

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have to any reader a sufficient difficulty of their own: his attention, his brain, is kept on the stretch, in ever watching Apollo bend his bow. But original thoughts in great profusion, expressed in an unexpected and extremely personal manner, necessitate not only an *amount* but a *kind* of attention which as a rule the story-reader cares not to give, and if he does give it he is almost bound to put in the second place the story itself. We see around us to-day many examples of the novel departing from its olden mission, and seeking to do imperfectly the work of the essayist, the preacher, the historian, or the man of science; and in every case we find that the new object, be it psychological study, theological controversy, metaphysical speculation, historical record, or scientific analysis, gets in the way of the story proper. The realistic school of fiction errs in a precisely similar way; for the addition of detail, relevant or irrelevant, is scarcely better than the introduction of unnecessary theorizing when it is used in the slightest excess.

All fine art is selective, discriminate; is based upon selection and elimination. And all art whatever has strict limitations determined by the nature of its medium. To transcend these limitations is not to make a masterpiece, but—a monstrosity. •

One more remark about a peculiarity of this author's which goes far to account for his unpopularity, and that is his intellectual and unsympathetic abstraction from the characters he creates; an abstraction which from the first repels the reader, and ends by wearying him.

him. There is a pastime which was some years ago in much vogue at Christmas time in country houses where young people were met together, called, I believe, "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." The point of this not too exhilarating pastime was that each member of the company should be dressed up to resemble a celebrated character, and should be put in some supposedly appropriate (and certainly painful) attitude, and remain therein till the principal performer, usually the funny man of the party, came and wound him up, and spoke in his name whatever things he could conceive. Meredith's characters are not treated in a very dissimilar way, they remain somewhat stiffly posed waiting for their turn in dialogue or action; the showman comes, the winding up process is gone through, generally with a paradox or epigram for a key, and lo, the figure breathes, walks, lives and speechifies its appointed time.

A few years ago a French artist of indisputable genius as a designer, who had created men and women, giants, fairies, angels and devils by the thousand, who published illustrations of Dante and Rabelais, Cervantes, Balzac, Chateaubriand, Tennyson, Milton, while everyone wondered at his marvellous fertility, his extraordinary inventiveness, came in course of time to the "Bible," and thought he would illustrate that, and behold—a failure! He could create, he could not humanize his characters; he could not make us care for their personality, or for what became of them. We felt the unreality of his conceptions, and admired them from the outside.

outside. In this respect, if in no other, Gustave Doré and George Meredith are akin—both are wanting in tenderness, perhaps in heart. They live on a different and, from their own point of view, a higher plane than the personages of their dramas. They *show* us people and tell us many things concerning them, and they send our new friends unconcernedly about their business. Is this description exaggerated? It may well be so, for the truth on such a subject as this is too many-sided, too intricate, to be expressed without much limitation.

In the above paper I may, perhaps, have given the impression that the present writer thinks little of Mr. Meredith's genius. This is not so. But where eulogy and admiration have been so frequently and so well expressed as they have of late, and by critics who have made this subject their special study, it would have been a mere impertinence for an outsider to echo their praise. Such an one could only hope to say a few words, spoken as it were by "the man in the street," on what appeared to him to be the cause, or the partial cause, why eulogy and admiration were not more universal.

I have thought it the more necessary to do this as I consider that both the defects and the merits of Mr. Meredith's writings are those which require to be most carefully considered at the present day if we are not to let the old art of story-telling die, and replace it with a neuratico, psychologico, politico, sociologico or theologico disquisition, which may make the critics laugh but must cause the judicious public to grieve.

A WORD ON THE BIRTH, HISTORY, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND FIRST RECEPTION OF "JANE."

WHEN this poem first appeared, in the "Universal Review," it shared the fate which has attended many of Mr. Meredith's novels ; the critics were puzzled, the public doubtful. Demands for explanation flowed in upon me by every post ; clergymen remonstrated : not very clear as to their grievance these last, but "doubtful of the tendency," a happy phrase which has in its time covered as many sins as charity. The very artist I wished to illustrate the poem, not only began but continued to make excuse, and finally confessed that he could not do justice to the verses, and would rather not undertake them.* Somehow this got abroad, and certain journals made themselves merry over the artist's incapability to understand the text submitted to him. Then the Journalistic word went forth that this poem was "a satire on the Salvation Army," and as such it was gravely characterized in several papers. "Forced, feeble and vulgar" was this "tedious doggerel" according to one authority ; "silly and incomprehensible," growled a second ; "scarcely
likely

likely to add to the author's reputation" sighed a third, and so on throughout the list. If a kind word was spoken of "Jane" here and there, it was not written; my very publisher asked me privately what it meant, and friends and relations looked grave, discreetly avoided the subject, as one which was undoubtedly painful. . . .

And yet they were wrong—and will have to "own up." Friends and relations, critics and all, must one day confess that this is a good piece of work, and a not incomprehensible one. It is, however, no "satire on the Salvation Army," and has no connection with that estimable but unpleasant organization; and if it be a satire at all, which must be left to the perception of the reader, the poem is also, as Meredith calls it, "one of the pictures of our England."

I feel that it would be superfluous to offer any explanation of what is probably the real, and what seems to me the obvious meaning of Mr. Meredith's verses, and certainly I do not press my interpretation as being in all respects that which the author himself would give. For all works of art we know, almost in proportion as they are fine, abound in meanings, various as they are indefinite, subtle as they are convincing to each interpreter. If "Jump-to-Glory Jane" said the same to all of us, the satire of the poem might be clear but could scarcely be profound, and if the satire were unmixed with reality, the power and the appeal would both be weakened. With such excuse here is what the poem says to me. Its motive, probably, was the Mrs. Girling episode,

episode, and one object was to give a sly *reductio ad absurdum* to the doctrine which Kingsley set such store by ; the connection between physical health and religious feeling. Jane has felt *la joie de vivre*, and its increase by continual exercise ; she mistakes her increase of happiness for increase of virtue, "to enjoy is to obey" is her spiritual creed ; a simple one ; and so, suited to her simple converts. Unsited, too, for those she would convert who are not simple ; unsited to the world, either social or religious, embodied in the squire and parson ; and uncomprehended by her very converts, most of whom accept the new creed (the practice rather) for other motives than those which influence their leader. The Janeites are persecuted, laughed at, called mad after the old fashion, and they too take up their parable against the powers that be, personified here by the squire and bishop, until their founder and leader dies by the roadside, and the rest is silence.

What then is the moral—where the satire ?

The question is a perilous one to answer in this day-dream, as in "Lady Flora's." But evidently certain thoughts are not entirely irrelevant. That, for instance, revelations are of many kinds, to many people ; that all will find some converts and some antagonists. That most of the former will have something to gain, and of the latter something to lose ; that there are worse things for the world than mistaken ideals—to wit, no ideals at all ; that even wayside deaths may be cheerful, and not insignificant ; that earnestness is not all unsuccessful, even

even though it may not gain the object sought. "Yes," I fancy the cautious critic saying, "all these platitudes are doubtless true, but what have they to say to the satire?" To which, without questioning whether the truth be, not satire enough, one might answer—that possibly Mr. Meredith may have intended to hint at the essential resemblance of all revelations in their inception, their course, and their conclusion; to express in another form Gibbon's celebrated aphorism respecting the view taken of the heathen mythology at a certain period of the Roman Empire. Be this, however, as it may, the poem is good enough on its merits to need no other recommendation, and has just that touch of tragi-comedy which renders the story possible.

The following extracts show Mr. Meredith's own point of view. They were written to me when the subject of illustration was under discussion. It will be noticed that my suggestions as to the author's meaning are to some extent founded upon his own description thereof. I had suggested Linley Sambourne as the right man to do the drawings, and Meredith wrote:

"Box Hill, Dorking,

August 15th, 1889.

"Dear Mr. Quilter,

Sambourne is excellent for Punch, he might hit the mean. Whoever does it should be warned against giving burlesque outlines. It is a grave narration of events in English country(? life). Jane, though a jumping, is a thoughtful woman. She has discovered that the circulation of the blood

blood is best brought about by a continual exercise, and conduces to happy sensations, which are to her as the being of angels in her frame. She has wistful eyes in a touching, but bony face."

For some reason or other Sambourne could not do the drawings. I forget whether he was away, or too busy, and the next man we tried for was Bernard Partridge, a clever young actor and draughtsman, a relation, I think, at all events a namesake of, Nutcombe Gould of the St. James's Theatre. His heart failed him, and we gave up the notion of having the poem illustrated in the "Review." It was in relation to this second artist that Meredith once more gave me his own interpretation of "Jane."

"Box Hill, Dorking,

"September 10th, 1889.

"Yes, they are a Satire, but one of the pictures of our England as well. Remember Mrs. Girling and her following, and the sensations of Jane with her blood at the spin with activity, warranted her feeling of exaltation. An English middle-class Blavitsky maniac would also be instructive, though less pathetic than poor Jane."

It has been my endeavour to preserve the feeling indicated in the above sentences in the verse designs and other illustrations. It occurred to me a short time since that a young artist, called Lawrence Housman, who had done some very clever imaginative work for me on the "Universal," might be able to succeed here. He liked the idea, and did one or two preparatory drawings, and,

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as I thought, with such success, that I decided to entrust him with the whole poem. Fortunately, Mr. Meredith had not only, as above quoted, long since previously sketched out his own view of how the illustrations should be treated, but had indicated the subjects he thought advisable; considering all things, the cuts do, I think, embody his views with considerable fidelity. The idea of having the whole poem written by hand, instead of using type, and making each verse of text part of an illustrative design, came to me later; I hope it will be found a not unattractive departure from established custom. Had there been more time there are several of these smaller drawings which might have been re-drawn and re-engraved advantageously. The truth is that drawing for these mechanical processes is an art in itself, and the difficulty of knowing exactly what you may, or may not do, in respect of fine and mingled lines almost insuperable "without long practice." There are, however, great compensations on the score of celerity, fidelity, and cheapness; and at all events "process," as it is briefly called, has "got us" now and has, I fear, "come to stay."

However, this is for the public to decide.

Mr. Housman has been kind enough to work in accordance with my ideas, and is to be held responsible only for the drawings, of which I may be allowed to express the hope that the public will think them as good as I do. They are not perfect by any means, and in many parts are open to serious criticism, but the root of the matter is in them—they have the rare qualities of imagination

gination and sympathy, and from the technical point of view, they show that this artist has only to work to become an admirable designer.

Whether the world will let him work quietly—whether he will let himself—are questions only to be solved in the future, the future which is now chiefly in his own hands, to make or mar. I need only add that Mr. Meredith is fully aware of, and consentient to my intention to re-issue his poem.

HARRY QUILTER.



"Her first was Winny Earnes, a kind
Of woman not to dance inclined."



JUMP-TO-
GLORY
JANE

A REVELATION came on Jane,
The widow of a labouring swain:
And first her body trembled sharp,
Then all the woman was a harp
With winds along the strings; she heard,
Though there was neither tone nor word.

For past our hearing was the air,
Beyond our speaking what it bare,
And she within herself had sight
Of heaven at work to cleanse outright,
To make of her a mansion fit
For angel hosts inside to sit.

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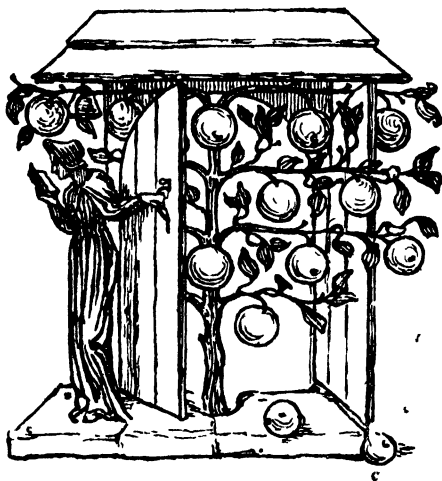
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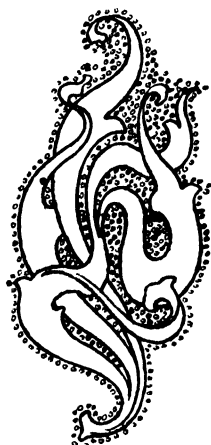
They entered, and forthwith entranced,
Her body braced, her members danced;
Surprisingly the woman leapt;
And countenance composed she kept;
As gossip neighbours in the lane
Declared, who saw and pitied Jane.

These knew she had been reading books,
The which was witnessed by her looks.
Of late: she had a mania
For mad folk in America,
And said for sure they led the way,
But meat and beer were meant to stay.

4



That



That she had visited a fair,
Had seen a gauzy lady there,
Alive with tricks on legs alone,
As good as wings, was also known:
And long'whiles in a sullen mood,
Before her jumping, Jane would brood.

A good knee's height, they say, she sprang;
Her arms and feet like those who hang:
As if 'afore the body sped,
And neither pair contributed.
She jumped in silence: she was thought
A corpse to resurrection caught.

6

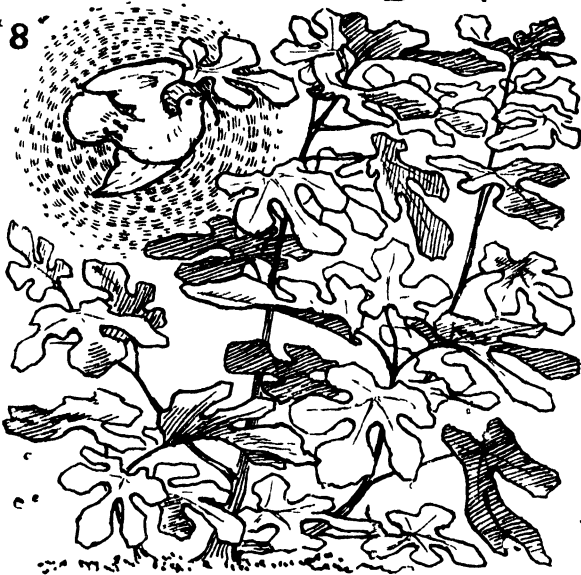


The



The villagers were mostly dazed;
They jeered, they wondered, & they praised
Twas guessed by some she was inspired,
And some would have it she had hired
An engine in her petticoats,
To turn their wits and win their votes.

Her first was Winny Earnes, a kind
Of woman not to dance inclined ;
But she went up, entirely won,
Ere Jump-to-glory Jane had done ;
And once a vixen wild for speech,
She found the better way to preach.

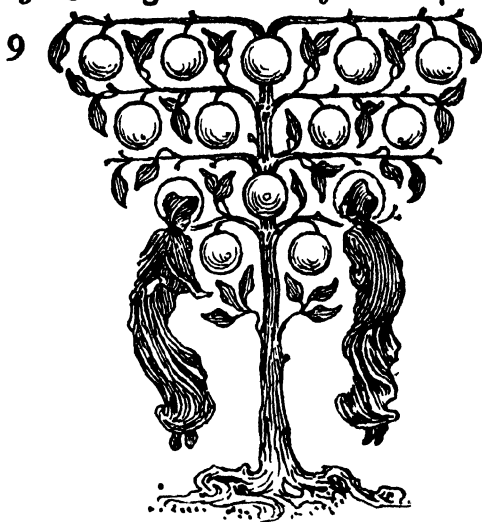


No



"Not long time after Jane was seen
Directing jumps at Daddy Green."

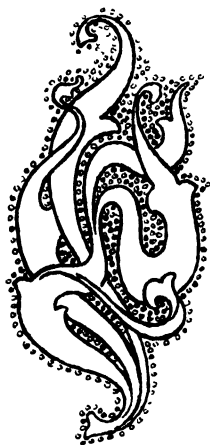
No long time after, Jane was seen.
Directing jumps, at Daddy Green;
And that old man, to watch her fly,
Had eyebrows made of arches high;
Till homeward he likewise did hop,
Oft calling on himself to stop!



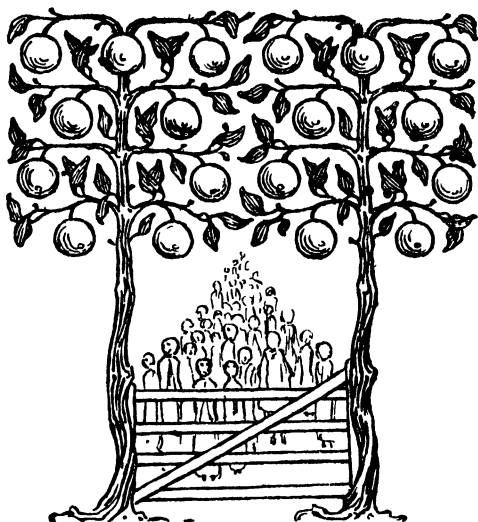
It

It was a scene when man and maid,
Abandoning all other trade,
And careless of the call to meals,
Went jumping at the woman's heels.
By dozens they were counted soon,
Without a sound to tell their tune.

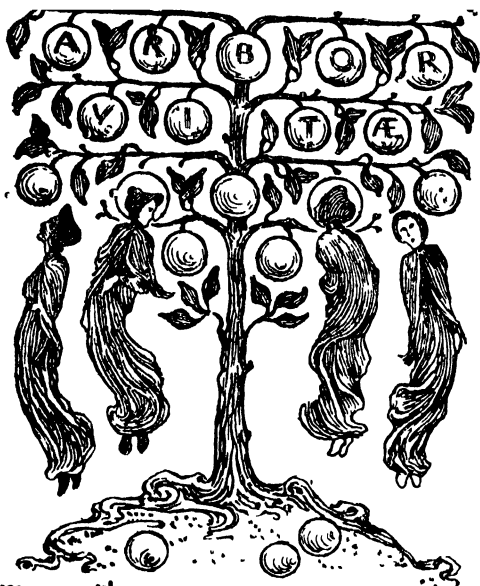
ro



Along



Along the roads they came, and crossed,
The fields, and o'er the hills were lost,
And in the evening reappeared;
Then, short like hobbled horses reared,
And down upon the grass they plumped
Alone their Jane to glory jumped.



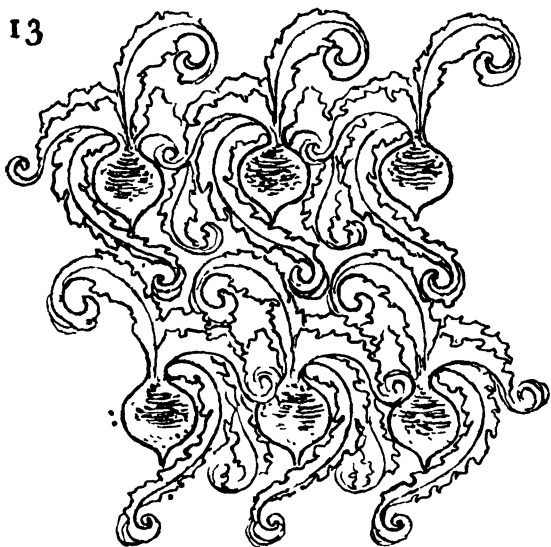
At morn they rose, to see her spring
All going as an engine thing;
And lighter than the gossamer
She led the bobbers following her,
Past old acquaintances, and where
They made the stranger stupid stare.



"At morn they rose

When turnips were a filling crop,
In scorn they jumped a butcher's shop:
Or, spite of threats to flog and souse,
They jumped for shame a public-house:
And much their legs were seized with
If passing by the vicarage. [rage

13



The

• The tightness of a hempen rope
Their bodies got; but laundry soap
Not handsomer can rub the skin,
For token of the washed within.
Occasionally coughers cast
A leg aloft and coughed their last.

14 •



The



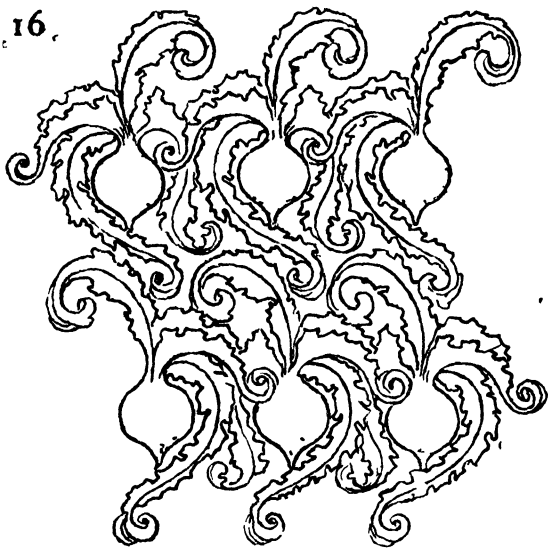
The weaker maids and some old men,
Requiring rafters for the pen .
On rainy nights, were those who fell.
The rest were quite a miracle,
Refreshed as you may search 'all round
On Club-feast days and cry, Not found!

15

For

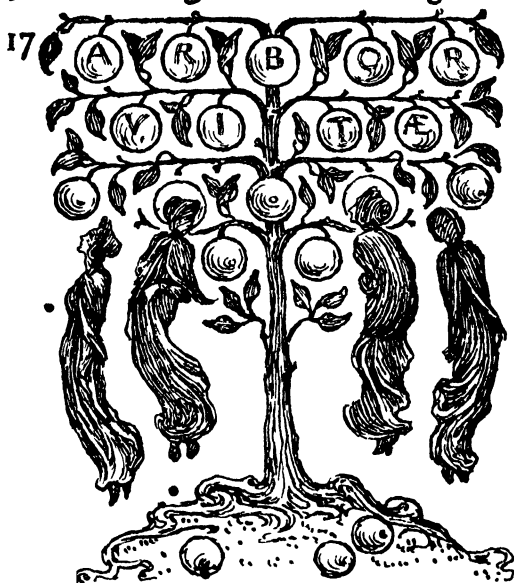
For these poor innocents, that slept
Against the sky, soft women wept:
For never did they any theft; [left,
'Twas known when they their camping
And jumped the cold out of their rags;
In spirit rich as money-bags.

16.



They

They jumped the question, jumped reply;
 And whether to insist, deny,
 Reprove, persuade, they jumped in ranks
 Or singly, straight the arms to flanks,
 And straight the legs, with just a knee
 For bending in a mild degree.



The



The villagers might call them mad;
An endless holiday they had,
Of pleasure in a serious work :
They taught by leaps when perils lurk,
And with the lambkins practised sports
For 'scaping Satan's pounds and quarts.

18



It



"Those flies of boys disturbed them sore."

It really seemed on certain days,
When they bobbed up their Lord to praise,
And bobbing up they caught the glance
Of light, our secret is to dance,
And hold the tongue from hindering peace;
To dance out preacher and police.

19



Those.

Those flies of boys disturbed them sore
On Sundays and when daylight wore:
With withies cut from hedge or copse,
They treated them as whipping-fops,
And flung big stones with cruel aim;
Yet all the flock jumped on the same.

20



For



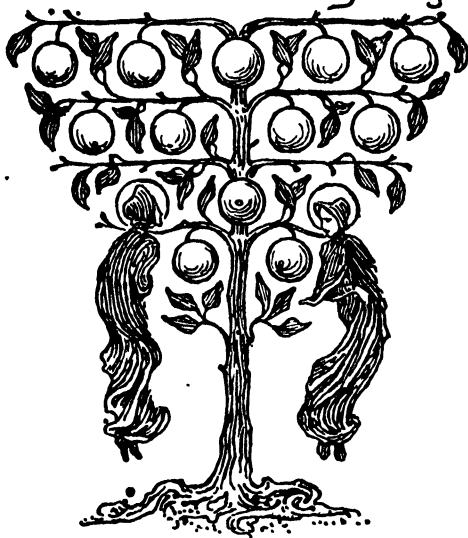
For what could persecution do
To worry such a blessed crew,
On whom it was as wind to fire,
Which set them always jumping higher?
The parson and the lawyer tried,
By meek persistency defied.



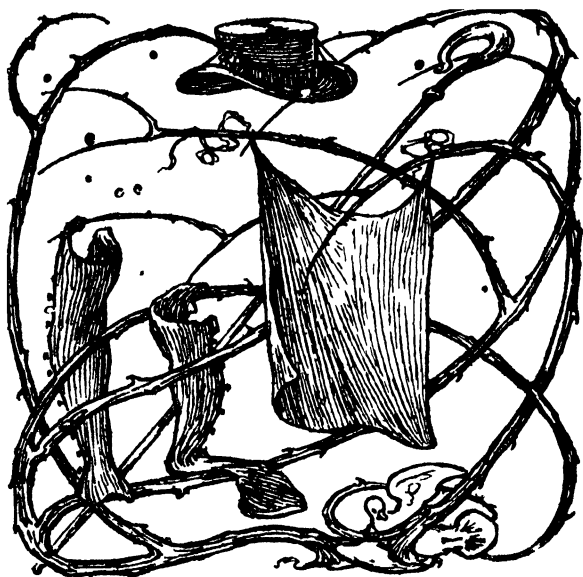
But if they bore, they could pursue
As well, and this the Bishop too;
When inner warnings proved him plain
The chase for Jump-to-glory Jane.
She knew it by his being sent
To bless the feasting in the tent.

Not less than fifty years on end,
The Squire had been the Bishop's friend:
And his poor tenants, harmless ones,
With souls to save! fed not on buns,
But angry meats: she took her place
Outside to show the way to grace.

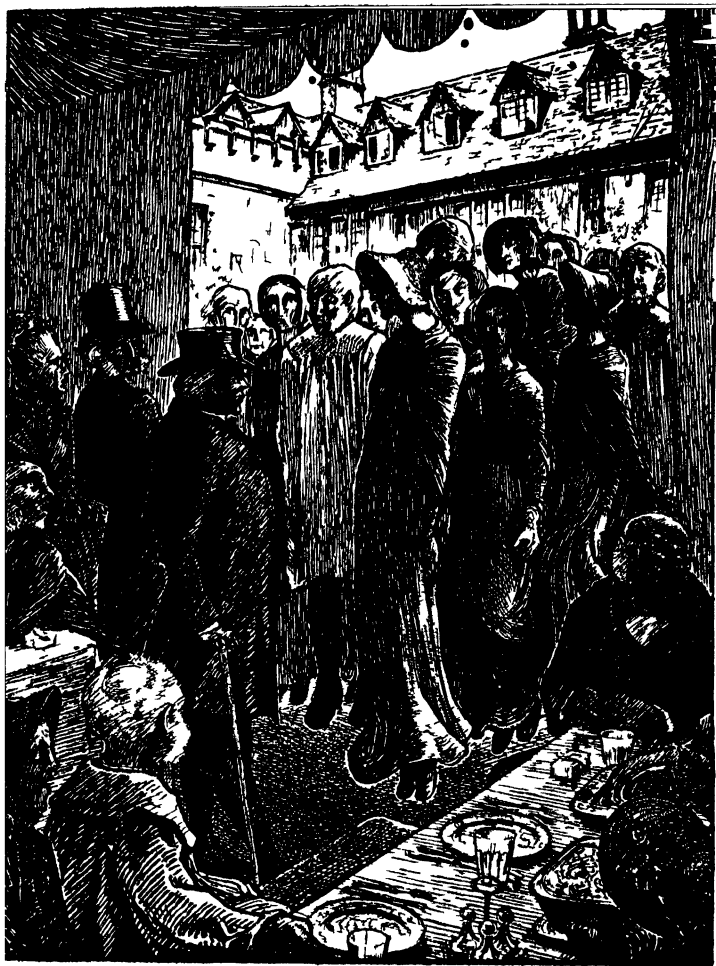
23



In



'In apron suit the Bishop stood ;
The crowding people kindly viewed.
A gaunt grey woman he saw rise
On air, with most beseeching eyes : ,
And evident as light in dark
It was, she set to him for mark.



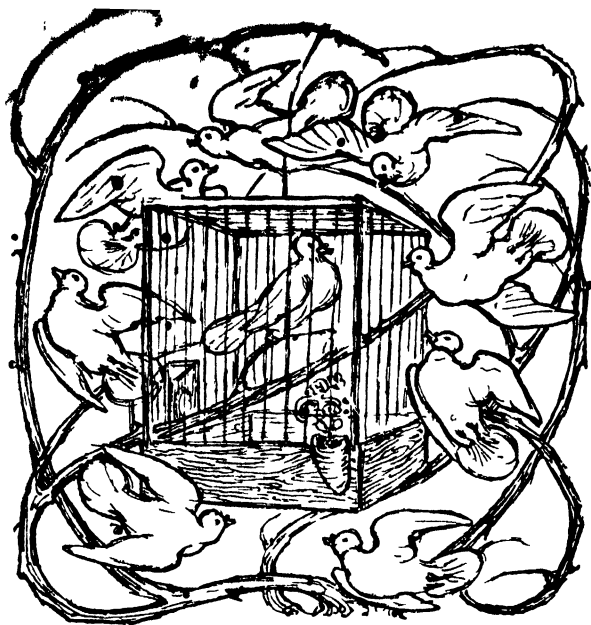
“In Apion suit the Bishop stood,
The crowding people kindly viewed,
A gaunt grey woman he saw rise
On all,”

Her highest leap had come: with ease
She jumped to reach the Bishop's knees:
Compressing tight her arms and lips,
She sought to jump the Bishop's hips:
Her aim flew at his apron-band,
That he might see and understand.

25



The



'The mild inquiry of his gaze
Was altered to a peaked amaze,
At sight of thirty in ascent;
To gain his notice clearly bent:
And greatly Jane at heart was vexed
By his ploughed look of mind perplexed.

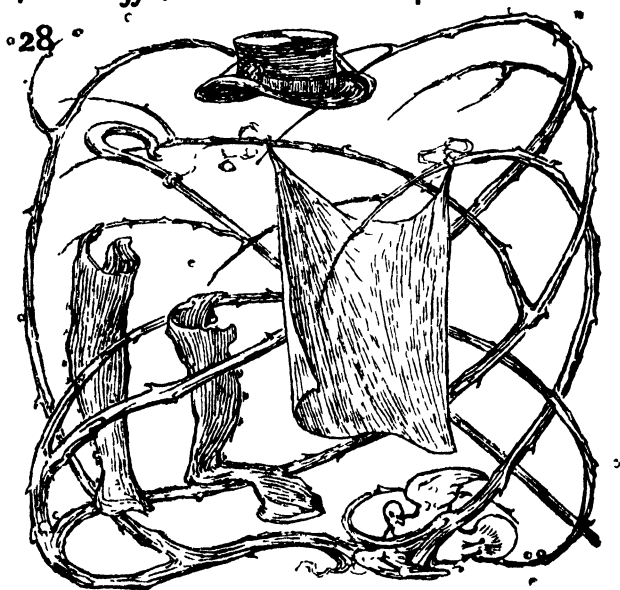
In jumps that said, Beware the pit!,
More eloquent than speaking it—
That said, Avoid the boiled, the roast;
The heated nose on face of ghost,
Which comes of drinking up and o'er
The flesh with me! did Jane, implore.

27



She

She jumped him high as huntsmen go
Across the gate; she jumped him low,
To coax him to begin and feel
His infant steps returning, peel
His mortal pride, exposing fruit,
And off with hat and apron suit.



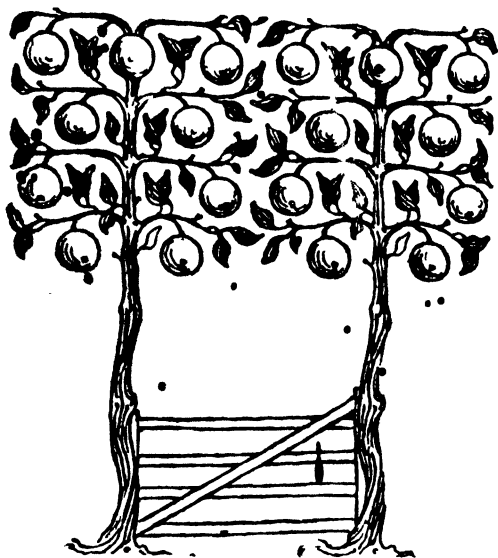
We



"Encircled by the men of might,
The head of Jane like flickering light."



We need much patience, well she knew,
And out & out, and through & through,
When we would gentlefolk address,
• However we may seek to bless: .
At times they hide them like the beasts
From sacred beams; and mostly priests.



He gave no sign of making bare,
Nor she of faintness or despair
Inflamed with hope that she might
If she but coaxed him to begin. [win,
She' used all arts for making^c fain;
The mother with her babe was Jane.

Her business, waved her from the spot.
"Encircled by the men of might, ,
The head of Jane, like flickering light,
As in a charger, they beheld'
Ere she was from the park expelled.

31



Her



Her grief, in jumps of earthly weight,
Did Jane around communicate:
For that the moment when began
The holy but mistaken man,
In view of light, to take his life,
They cut him from her charm adrift!

And he was lost: a banished face
For ever from the ways of grace,
Unless pinched hard by dreams in fright.
They saw the Bishop's wavering sprite
Within her look, at come and go,
Long after he had caused her woe.

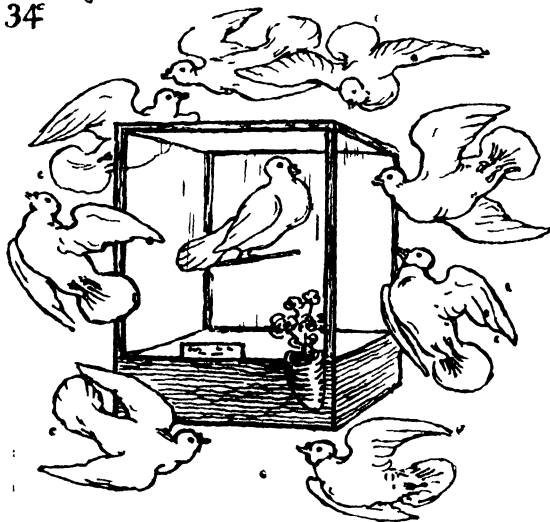
33



.Her

Her greying eyes (until she sank
At Fredsham on the wayside bank,
Like cinder heaps that whitened lie
From coals that shot the flame to sky)
Had glassy vacancies, which yearned
For one in memory discerned.


34

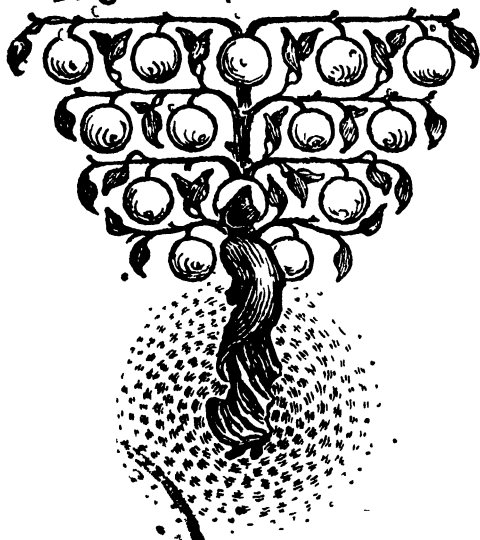


' May '



May those who ply the tongue that cheats,
And those who rush to beer and meats,
And those whose mean ambition aims
At palaces and titled names,
Depart in such a cheerful strain
As did our Jump-to-glory Jane.

Her end was beautiful : one sigh.
She jumped a foot when it was nigh.
A lily in a linen clout  [out].
She looked when they had laid her
It is a lily-light she bears
For England up the ladder-stairs.



36

•c
The end.



“Her end was beautiful —”

